COYANOKA

1921

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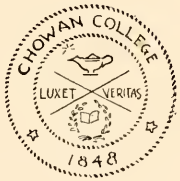


CHOWANOKA

1921

PUBLISHED BY

LUCALIAN AND ALATHENIAN
LITERARY SOCIETIES

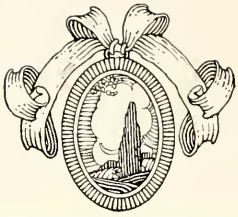
Dedication

TO

PRESTON STEWART VANN

Our President, whose lofty Christian character has inspired us, whose complete identification of personal with College interests has been an example to us, and whose convictions concerning womanly conduct have indelibly impressed us, we, the Class of 1921, affectionately dedicate this volume of the CHOWANOKA

THE AVENUE OF THE PINES



FOREWORD

If in the years to come these pages reflect a bit of the generous share of sunshine that has brightened our lives while at Chowan, then our aim shall have been accomplished and we shall feel rewarded.

—*The Class of '21*

ADV. EDITOR
GARY.
BUSINESS - MANAGER
FREEMAN
LITERARY EDITOR
EARLY.
ASSO-ED. LUCALIAN
KINSEY.
ASSO-ED. ALATHENIAN
PILAND
ASST. EDITOR - '21
CHITTY.
ASST. EDITOR - '22
MATTHEWS.
EDITOR IN CHIEF
CHOWANOKA STAFF
BRETT
ASST. EDITOR - '23
TURNLEY.
ASST. EDITOR - '24
CARLTON.
ASSO-ED. LUCALIAN
PARKER
ASSO-ED. ALATHENIAN
FREEMAN
JOKE EDITOR
EVANS
ART EDITOR
HOPKINS
1921

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II. *Organizations*

III. *Literary Department*

IV. *Clubs*

V. *Athletics*

VI. *Jokes*

SENIOR
S. Brett

Senior Class

OFFICERS CLASS OF 1921

Susie M. Brett - - - - - - - - - - - - President

Ethel M. Freeman - - - - - - - - - - Vice-President

Doris P. Chitty - - - - - - - - - - - - Secretary

Eva G. Gary - - - - - - - - - - - - - Poet

Theodolinda E. Early - - - - - - - - - - Historian

Senior Class History

Our class has reached its goal after having been repeatedly added to and subtracted from. Of its nine present members only two were Freshmen together four years ago. Each of us, however, has been through the mill, and we are all on a sufficient level of sympathy to recount with united hearts the ups and downs of our college career.

From the beginning we have striven each year to live up to the principles embodied in our name. No Freshmen could have been fresher than we. When the mighty Sophs put us to bed, soon after our arrival at Chowan, we little ones ably retaliated by giving them the paddling which they justly deserved. Throughout this year of our infancy we were a constant source of embarrassment, if not terror, to the Sophomores and Seniors. Such indignities as leaving them no alternative but to wear their every day shoes to church, or, securing them behind locked doors while we ate a double share of breakfast, were commonly inflicted upon these worthies. And, as for their holding a class meeting undisturbed—it was simply out of the question!

We came back the second year with a wise determination to show our successors their place as newcomers in college. Puffed up with importance, we assured them that certain procedures were dangerous to the health of youngsters so unskilled in the ways of college life. Many were the trials of the Freshmen that year. If they planned a picnic, it was known to us before the guest-of-honor even dreamed of it. Once when they were making cakes for the purpose of entertaining the Juniors, somehow or other, an overmeasure of salt got into the batter. To their credit, however, we must say that they bravely ate it all and quenched their wrath with an extra supply of water. On another occasion, we Sophomores enjoyed a stolen delight, some cheese straws prepared by the Juniors for the palates of the Freshmen. As faithful allies of our sister class we frequently guarded the crow's nest while the Seniors held their councils there, thereby preventing our escapades of the preceding year from being repeated by the new Freshmen.

During our Junior year we, as prospective Seniors, conducted ourselves with budding dignity. The credit for our remarkable calmness, I fear, however, must be shared by Miss Esther Wynn, who was in charge of the College last year. Her all-seeing eye had a peculiarly soothing effect upon our mischievous natures. The one big event of the year was the Junior-Senior reception to which every college student looks forward longingly. Vain Illusion, how like a shadow; sought, chased and grasped, it vanished into nothing! After weeks of thought and worry, then days of labor and more worry, the final catastrophe came in the complete failure of our attempt to "show-off" when we entertained the Senior Class.

All seven members of the Junior Class returned this year for the final bout. Besides these, we had two additions to our band. We are proud of our last year. Chowan will mean more to us in the future for our having

seen in the glory of her new raiment. The wonderful improvements effected in building and equipment, under the supervision of our beloved new President will greatly supplement our memory of our Alma Mater. In accordance with the new atmosphere of the place, we have borne ourselves with all the dignity at our command. As a side-line, our class has contributed toward the finances of the Annual by presenting at the College and three neighboring towns two amateur plays. For a graduating present to ourselves, we are planning a trip to Washington, D. C., to be made after commencement, under the chaperonage of President and Mrs. Vann.

As the Senior Class of 1921, we go forth from this institution with a fond farewell to the Past, and a hearty greeting to the future. We feel that any failure on our part to cope with the world will be due to a lacking in our original outfit, and not to any fault in our training. The brightest of hopes accompany us all as we cross the threshold to full and responsible womanhood.

—Historian.

Class Poem

A NEW PERFECT DAY

We have come to the end of our journey here,
And we look back over the way;
All the tests and exams we stood in fear
While exempts made our spirits gay.
Do you think what the end of these perfect years
Can mean to us Seniors, nine?
We then thought it only a vale of tears,
But bright it's joys now shine.

We've reached on this, our Commencement Day,
The top of the ladder steep,
And we take the vow this day in May
We'll all our ideals keep.
Our dear Alma Mater's memory true
Will never in fond hearts fade,
And through our lives with pride we'll view
The path to the goal we've made.

—Poet

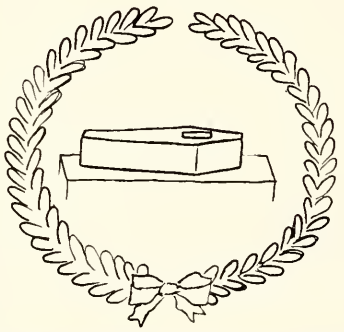
IN MEMORIAM

TOPSY

Mascot Class '21

died

March 17, 1921



SUSIE McGLAUGHAN BRETT, B. A.
Winton, N. C.
Lucalian

"With too much quickness ever to be taught
With too much thinking to have common thought."

Editor-in-chief Chowanoka, '20-21; Pres. Senior Class, '20-21; Pres. Lucalian Society, '21; Vice-Pres. Lucalian Society, '20; Sec. Student Government Association, '19; Vice-President Junior Class, '19-'20; Vice-Pres. '18-'19; Sec. Lucalian Society, '18; Pres. Freshman Class, '18; Marshall, '19-'20; Member Y. W. A. Cabinet, '18-'19-'20-'21; Chairman Program Committee Lucalian Society, '17-'18-'19-'20; Chairman Poster Committee Lucalian Society, '17-'18-'19-'20; Major General Military Battalion, '20-'21.

Here is the President of our class. In more than one respect she is a remarkable character, particularly in that she has the ability to learn without studying. Sue has the reputation of being perfectly original and is always brimming full with new ideas which extend all the way from the solution of Physics problems to the control of Cupid's Arrows, the truth of the latter being in daily evidence. In truth, she is never seen without her "twin", namely, "Red" Turnley, who has for Sue as Sue for her a peculiar magnetism. Possessed of an invincible determination she is always sure to accomplish what she has once begun. After taking into consideration every quality, we pronounce Sue one of the most capable, admirable, and brilliant members of the Class of '21.

DORIS PARKER CHITTY, Piano
Murfreesboro, N. C.
Lucalian

"For I have ease and I have health,
And I have spirits light as air."

Chairman Music Committee, '20-'21; Sergeant of Arms Lucalian Society, 18-'19; Censor Lucalian Society, '19-'20; Sec. Senior Class, '20-'21; Sec. Carpe Diem Club, '20-'21; Assistant Editor of Chowanoka from Senior Class.

Here is the actress of our class. From the extensive range of her voice (on the halls) one would judge that Enrico Caruso or Amelita Galli-Curei had arrived on the scene. At will Doris can make the most extraordinary gyrations, now impersonating Mary Pickford, now Irene Castle. Her super-abundance of energy finds expression in other fields, however, for she is an accomplished pianist and has spent much time and anxiety in preparing for her recital. Contrary to the usual disposition of the only child, Doris is amiable and ambitious.

THEOLINDA EUZELIA EARLY, B. A.

Raleigh, N. C.

"We understand her by her sight. Her pure and eloquent blood spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought, that one might almost say, her body thought."

Literary Editor Chowanoka, '20-'21; Class Historian, '20-'21.

May the type of this girl never be lacking in the student body of Chowan College. Her practical, resourceful brain show her to be a born leader. Theo is a maid of forceful personality whose fixed opinions command the respect of her class-mates. Her favorite study is English and she gives promise of being another O'Henry in short story writing. She knows no such word as failure. In any task, whatever, success is always hers. With her queenly bearing, sweet disposition, and lofty manner she holds a large place in the hearts of the faculty and fellow-students.

NETTIE WORRELL EVANS, Piano

Murfreesboro, N. C.

Lucalian

"Age cannot wither her nor custom state her infinite variety."

Joke Editor Chowanoka, '20-'21; Member Music Committee, '20-'21; Member Y. W. A. Cabinet, '20-'21; Member Basketball team, '18-'20.

Behold the "dare-devil" of the class of '21! Nettie is a strong advocate of class spirit. Where there is fun and mischief abroad she is always present. Her eagle eyes never fail to detect the secret schemes of the under classmen and she is equally alert in the matter of originating and executing stunts of her own class. She doesn't hesitate to ascend the tower (65 feet high) in order to establish our class banner, any more than she would refrain from paddling an unruly Freshman. Aside from these facts, Nettie is equally energetic and capable both on the athletic field and in the class room. In her musical career she has done credit both to herself and to her Alma Mater.

ETHEL MAREE FREEMAN, B. A.
Colerain, N. C.
Alathenian

"This is the porcelain clay of human kind."

Pres. Student Government Association, '20-'21; Business Manager Chowanoka, '20-'21; Vice-Pres. Y. W. A., '20-'21; Vice-Pres. Senior Class, '20-'21; Critic Alathenian Society, '20-'21; Chairman Evening Watch Program Comm., '20; Member Y. W. A. Cabinet, '18-'19-'19-'20; Winner Alathenian Society Pin, '19-'20; Sec. Alathenian Society, '19-'20; Chief College Marshall, '19-'20; Rep. to Student Council from Sophomore and Junior Class, '19-20; Member College Basketball Team, '18-'19; Sec. and Treas. Sophomore Class, '18-'19; Sec. Freshman Class, '17-'18; Pres. Science Club, '20-'21; Class Basketball Team, '17-'18.

Ethel's all-round capability is proved by the various trusts committed to her during her college course. As President of our Student Government Association she has held the respect and esteem of the entire student body. In fact, we regard her as the back-bone of our class. Unlike most studious girls, she is the only member of our class who has had the opportunity of "entertaining" in Chowan's renovated parlor this year. This fact goes to prove her wonderful ability to win the admiration and perhaps l—— of more than the inmates of Chowan.

RUTH GERALDINE FREEMAN, B. A.
Colerain, N. C.
Alathenian

"So well to know
Her own that what she wills to do or say,
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best."

President Alathenian Society, '20-'21; Asst. Editor Chowanoka, '21; Class Prophet, '21; Member Student Council, '18-'19-'20-'21; College Marshall, '19-'20; Winner Annie Bailey English Medal, '20; Critic Alathenian Society, '19-'20; Treas. Junior Class, '19-'20; Cor. Sec. Alathenian Society, '18-'19; Sec. Freshman Class, '18-'19; Freshman Basketball team, '18-'19; Chairman Program Committee Science Club, '20-'21; Chairman Poster and Program Committee Alathenian Society, '20-'21.

Ruth is one of the most brilliant members of our class, especially in psychology. She always has a psychological answer ready for any query. Aside from this hobby, her next greatest interest lies in the field of "Modern Art and Poetry." We think she makes an excellent critic, since she still holds that position with one "Modern Artist" after two years of service. In addition to these interests, we find her among those who reach the highest round in the ladder of success in all other fields of knowledge. Along with her intellectual ability she has the power of winning and holding the esteem, love and friendship of both student body and faculty.

EVA GERTRUDE GARY, Voice

Murfreesboro, N. C.

"The light of love, the purity of grace
The wind, the music breathing from her face."
Advertising Editor Chowanoka, '21; Class Poet, '21; President Down Town Club, '21.

Eva is an artistic nature, her soul finding expression in both song and poetry. She waxes poetical at the slightest provocation, and thereby never fails to amuse herself as well as her class-mates. But when she appears on the stage, her poems pale into insignificance. Her voice, like herself, is gentle, sweet and delightful. Eva manifests a deep interest in political affairs, thus showing that at heart she is a suffragist—we expect great things of her.

MARY ETTA KINSEY, Piano
Coinjock, N. C.
Lucalian

"Is she not more than painting can express,
Or youthful poets fancy when they love."

President Y. W. A., '20-'21; Critic Lucalian Society, '21; Member Student Council, '20-'21; Member Y. W. A. Cabinet, '19-'20; Chairman Music Committee, '19-'20; Secretary Lucalian Society, '19-'20; Treasurer Freshman Class, '18-'19.

This modest girl has meant much to her Alma Mater as well as to her class-mates. She possesses every quality which constitutes the make-up of a refined, dignified, and virtuous character. Mary has made herself felt in every thing she has undertaken, be it in the Literary Society, Y. W. A. or her daily tasks. Especially is she talented in piano. We call her "The Musician" of the student body and every one considers it a treat to hear her play. The music seems to come directly from her soul to her finger tips. How well those fingers heed the commands of her soul.

MARY GEORGIE PARKER, B. A.
Murfreesboro, N. C.
Lucalian

"Manners gentle, of affections mild
In wit a man, simplicity a child."

President Lucalian Society, '20; Vice-President Student Gov. Assoc., '20-'21; Member College Basketball Team, '20-'21; Assistant Editor Chowanoka, '20-'21; Writer Last Will and Testament Class, '21; Sec. Junior Class, '19-'20; Marshall, '19-'20; Member Y. W. A. Cabinet, 19-'20-'20-'21; Sec. Student Gov. Assoc., '20; Sec. and Treas. Chorus Club, '19-'20-'20-'21; Treas. Student Gov. Assoc., '18-'19; Member Program Committee Evening Watch, '20-'21; Vice-Pres. Freshman Class, '18-'19; Member Program Committee Lucalian Society, '20-'21; Vice-Pres. Science Club, '20-'21.

For traveling in the by-ways and hedges of thought Mary can't be beaten. She can always furnish some self-evident, but previously unnoticed idea to her classes. The manner in which she expresses herself never fails to bring a smile. To every duty, however trivial, during her college career, Mary has been faithful. One never sees her strolling on the campus or shouldering her tennis racket for a game until first her lessons are prepared and the regular epistle to "Jim" is ready for mailing. Along with her studious nature, she is blessed with a sunny disposition and her jolly laugh has oftimes been instrumental in dispelling the gloomy hours of her classmates. With this admirable spirit of endeavor and truth to herself we are glad to send her forth as a worthy representative of her Alma Mater.

JUNIOR
SENIOR-LAND

Junior History

For three long years, we've stood the test,
This Junior class of three,
And it's up to you, to guess the rest
Of this Junior class of three.
Together we've worked to reach our aim,
This Junior class of three,
Till with pride and fame we've won a name,
This Junior class of three.

We once were known as the Freshmen green
In the year 1918,
And a perter bunch was never seen
Than the Freshman of '18;
For we even dared to entertain
The big-headed Sophomores keen.
To serve our class they did not deign!
And hear how they showed their spleen:

The moon was shining bright one night,
A hay ride did we give.
When we returned it was to fight;
The Sophomores could not live!
For when we started our cake to eat
We found it full of salt,
And our anger then reached fever heat;
We knew 'twas the Sophomores fault!

In our Soph year, in number small,
Three of us held the fort;
Our aspirations did not fall
And our Seniors gave support.
That mother class we'll not forget,
That was so good to us,
Each Senior chose a Sophomore pet,
Our bond was cemented thus.

Now, at last our Soph year past,
A mother class are we.
We've stored up knowledge broad and vast,
Afar shines our degree.
A household artist of skill is Bun,
And Pearl the artist to be,
While Jo as athlete high place has won—
An all-round class, you see.

And though insignificant Juniors we're called
We'll yet win our A. B.
Its charm for us has never palled
And the end we now foresee.
We'll to all those who join us late
A welcome guarantee,
And let them link in with the fate
Of this great old class of three.

Junior Class

Motto: Stick and Win

Flower—Daisy

Colors—White and Gold

OFFICERS—ALL OF US

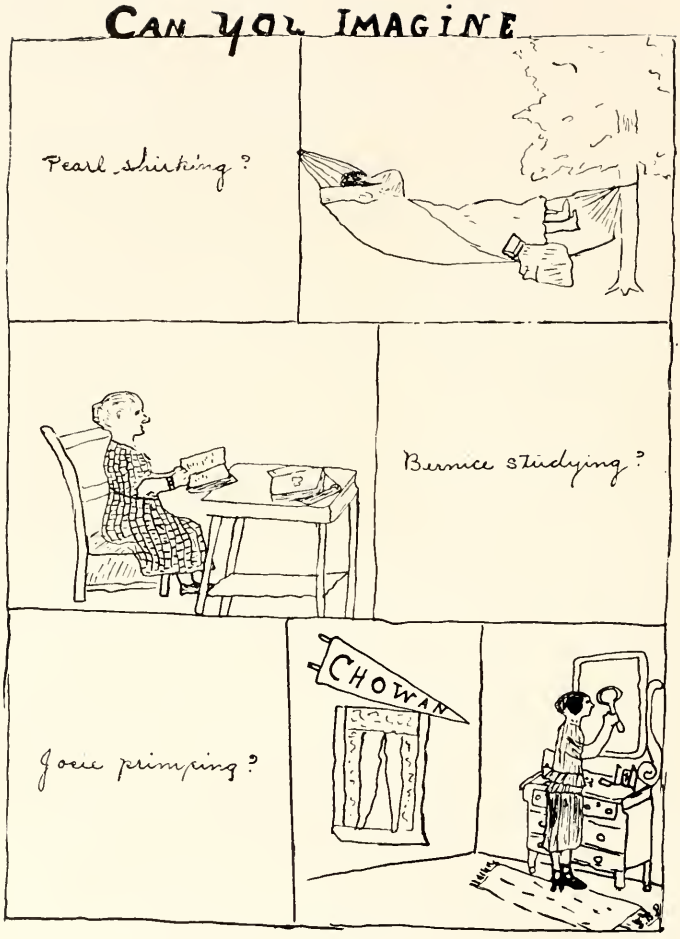
Pearl Hopkins	President
Bernice Matthews	Vice-President
Bernice Matthews	Secretary
Pearl Hopkins	Assistant Secretary
Josie Piland	Treasurer
Josie Piland	Poet

CLASS ROLL

Pearl Hopkins

Josie Piland

Bernice Matthews


CAN YOU IMAGINE
Pearl shirking?
Bernice studying?
Joeie primping?
CHOWAN

NOTICE!!
NEWISH!!
I
Thou shalt respect + show deference to our Seniors at all times.
II
Thou shalt in all public places arise and give seats to Seniors or Sophomores.
III
Thou shalt not attempt to break up any Sophomore meetings—"Beware!"
IV
Thou shalt put napkins around necks at table on Thursdays.
V
Thou shalt wear no silks and satins (hose included) on class.
VI
Thou shalt call Seniors "Miss"
VII
Thou shalt not powder thy face on Monday afternoons.
VIII
Thou shalt Love, Honor, and obey our Seniors.
IX
Thou shalt wear word "Freshman" on thy back to Thanksgiving Reception.
X
Thou shalt obey these Ten Commandments until further notice.
FRESH-
SOPH

Sophomore Class

Motto—Treat 'Em Rough and Make 'Em Love You

Colors—Black and Yellow

Flower—Snap Dragon

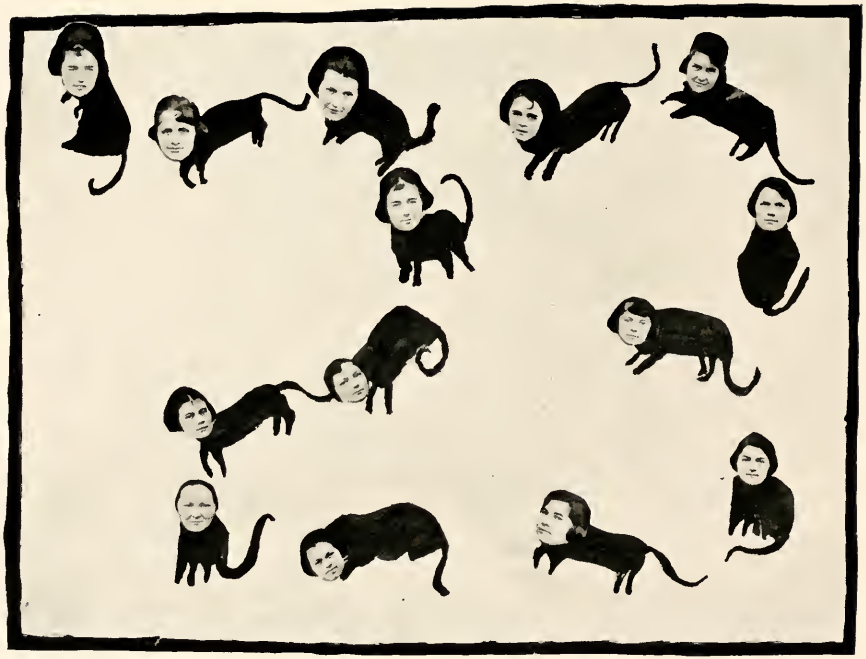
Mascot—Wild Cat

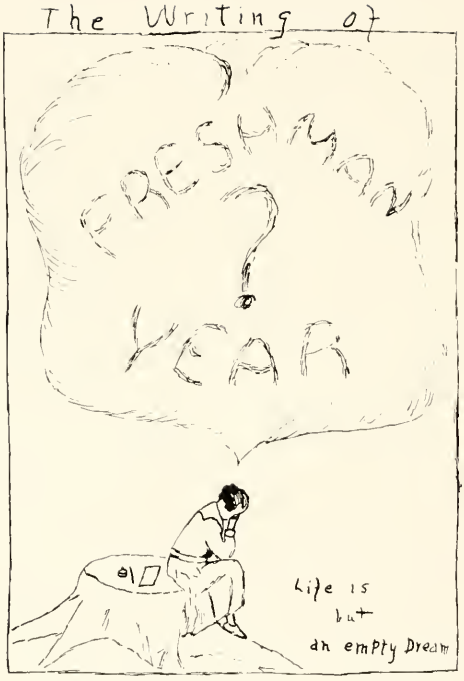
OFFICERS

Genevieve Taylor - - - - - - - - - - - President
Helen Craig - - - - - - - - - - - Vice-President
Emma Riddick Parker - - - - - - - - - - Secretary
Lillian Alford - - - - - - - - - - - Treasurer

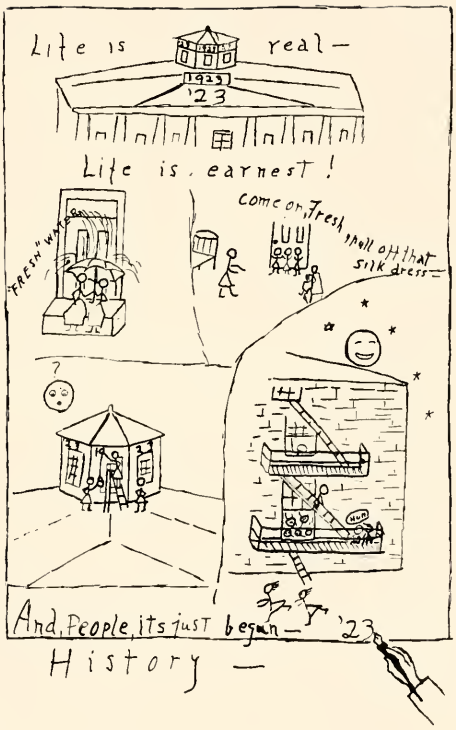
MEMBERS

Lillian Alford
Olivia Bridgers
Helen Craig
Josephine Futrell
Marie Griffin
Lossie Belle Hardy
Alice Morris
Audrey Newsome
Nancy Parker
Emma Riddick Parker
Eva Perry
Elizabeth Tadlock
Genevieve Taylor
Elizabeth Turnley

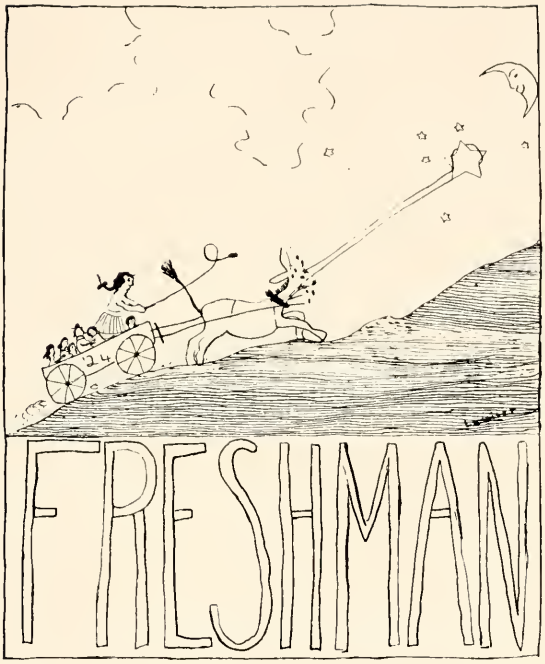




The Sophomore Class


Life is real—
1923
'23
Life is earnest!
Come on, Fresh, shall o'er that silk dress—
"FRESH" WATER
And, People, its just begun— '23
History —

1923


FRESHMAN

Freshman Class

Colors—Blue and Gold Flower—For-Get-Me-Not

Motto: Ich Kann.

OFFICERS

Minnie Dunning - - - - - - - - - President

Estelle Carlton - - - - - - - - - - Vice-President

Mary Henry Lewis - - - - - - - - - - Secretary

Edna Lassiter - - - - - - - - - - - Treasurer

Gladys Rountrye - - - - - - - - - Poet

MEMBERS

Floyd Bridges
Elma Brett
Elizabeth Brumsey
Estelle Carlton
Minnie Dunning
Ruth Humbert
Bessie Jordon
Edna Lassiter
Mary Henry Lewis
Gwendolyn Martin
Annie Lee McDaniel
Gladys Rountrye
Janie Revell
Alma Shearin
Jannie Ward
Christy Whitly
Nona Whitly

FRESHMAN

Freshman Spirits

Our freshman year has now grown old
But grievously o'er us it rolled,
For we were rats with plenty of pep
And for our boldness gained a rep.
The Sophomore class might do its worst
And say "Let Seniors enter first,"
Or "Wear no powder on your face,"
But why let Sophomores set our pace,
For if we did how sad our lot!
The rules of Sophs are tommyrot!

Thanksgiving Day it was decreed
"Fresh" should be pinned where all could read,
Instead a Sophomore had the honor
And a lively Freshman was the donor.
The Sophomores began the job
Of dressing us in "suitable" garb:
Silk hose they said, were quite forbidden,
But we'd not be by Sophs o'erridden!

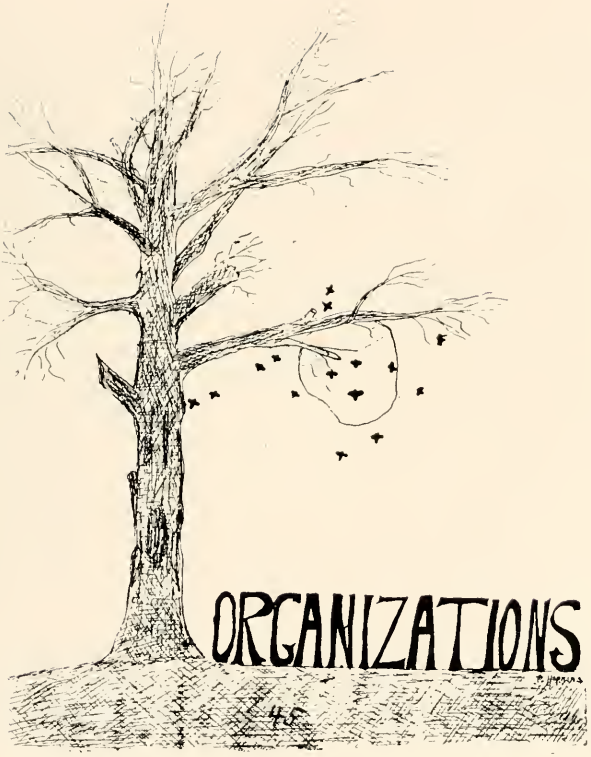
We'll take the rein the coming year
And give the Freshman cause for fear;
We'll train them up, take an early start,
Not wait till they're old and think they are smart.
Then too we'll give them sensible rules,
Not act as if handling a lot of mules.
In other words, we'll be merciful and just,
Not try to humble them into the dust.

As Juniors we'll prevent the blisters
The Sophomores will try to give our sisters.
We'll give them our motto and say "Be Bold,"
We'll give them our colors, our Blue and our Gold.
And when at last we're Seniors wise
We'll still our Freshman ideals prize;
And one thing certain, we'll feel no shame
Because as Freshmen we were game.

—22.

CLASS PRESIDENTS
SUE M. BRETT
SENIOR
PEARL HOPKINS
JUNIOR
GENEVIEVE TAYLOR
SOPHOMORE
MINNIE DUNNING
FRESHMAN

LITTLE SISTERS


ORGANIZATIONS

The Student Council

MEMBERS

Ethel Freeman	President
Mary Parker	Vice-President
Pearl Hopkins	Secretary
Marie Griffin	Treasurer
Mary Kinsey	Representative from Senior Class
Ruth Freeman	Representative from Senior Class
Josie Piland	Representative from Junior Class
Eva Perry	Representative from Sophomore Class
Gladys Rountrye	Representative from Freshman Class

Student Government Association

OFFICERS

Mary E. Kinsey - - - - - - - - - - - - President
Ethel Freeman - - - - - - - - - - Vice-President
Edna Lassiter - - - - - - - - - - Recording Secretary
Josie Futrell - - - - - - - - - Corresponding Secretary
Pearl Hopkins - - - - - - - - - - - - - Treasurer

Y. W. A. CABINET

Perhaps in no department of our college life is there more interest and hearty cooperation than in our Ann Hasseltine Circle of our Y. W. A. work.

We feel so positively our responsibility in this mission that higher education and developed wisdom lays upon every awakened mind the wonderful promise—the glory of the morning of life that is all hope and faith and expectation.

The "Upper Room" known to the former students of Chowan College as the "Observatory", has been suitably furnished and has become the permanent meeting place of the Cabinet. Here in this "Upper Room" has turbulent confusion and troubled waters felt the gentleness of a harmonizing influence that was the "Peace be still" of the Master's voice.

The religious life of the College is actuated largely through the influence of our Y. W. A. It is responsible for the programs of the "Evening Watch."

Our circle has under its supervision six Mission Study Classes. We sent our President to the meeting of the W. M. U. in Rocky Mount.

Our officers and other members of the Cabinet have been earnest and faithful to perform every duty.

MEMBERS

Mrs. P. S. Vann
Mary E. Kinsey
Ethel Freeman
Edna Lassiter
Josie Futrell
Pearl Hopkins
Josie Piland
Genevieve Taylor
Eva Perry
Emma Riddick Parker
Doris P. Chitty
Ruth Freeman
Nancy Parker
Mary Parker
Gladys Rountrye
Sue Brett
Nettie Evans
Alma Shearin
Foyd Bridgers
Marie Griffin
Estelle Carlton

Student Volunteer Band

ORGANIZED 1920

Teacher - - - - - - - - - - - - Mrs. P. S. Vann
Leader - - - - - - - - - - - - - Estelle Carlton

Slogan: How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things.—Romans 10:15.

ROLL

Gladys Bateman
Susie Brett
Olivia Bridgers
Foyd Bridgers
Estelle Carlton
Josephine Futrell
Marie Griffin
Helen Grant
Mary Kinsey
Mary Henry Lewis
Gwendolyn Martin
Elizabeth Turnley
Elizabeth Topping
Eva Perry
Alma Shearin

Lucalian Literary Society

Officers

Lucalian Literary Society

Motto: "We make light to shine."

Colors: Green and White. Flower: Lily of the Valley

OFFICERS

Mary Parker - - - - - - - - - - - - - President
Susie Brett - - - - - - - - - - - - - Vice-President
Audrey Newsome - - - - - - - - - - - - Secretary
Foyd Bridges - - - - - - - - - - - - Treasurer

MEMBERS

Nora Anderson
Susie Brett
Gladys Bateman
Elma Brett
Foyd Bridgers
Doris Chitty
Estelle Carlton
Letha Carter
Minnie Dunning
Nettie Evans
Marie Griffin
Helen Hedgepeth
Janet Hedgepeth
Bessie Jordan
Gladys Jenkins
Mary Kinsey
Mary Henry Lewis
Dare Vinson
Gwendolyn Martin
Alice Warren Morris
Bernice Matthews
Audrey Newsome
Mary Parker
Vara Parker
Louise Parker
Eva Perry
Janie Revell
Genevieve Taylor
Elizabeth Topping
Sarah Vaughan
Erma Vaughan
Christie Whitley
Nora Whitley
Mary Whitley
Winnie Whitley

LUCALIAN SOCIETY

Alathenian Literary Society

Motto: "We seek truth and wisdom."

Colors: Pink and Green. Flower: Sweet Pea.

OFFICERS

Ruth Freeman - - - - - - - - - - - - President
Pearl Hopkins - - - - - - - - - - - Vice-President
Josie Piland - - - - - - - - - - - - Secretary
Emma Riddick Parker - - - - - - - - - - Treasurer

MEMBERS

Askew, Jewell
Aydlette, Naomi
Alford, Lillian
Brumsey, Elizabeth
Bridgers, Olivia
Corey, Ruby
Craig, Helen
Futrell, Josephine
Freeman, Ethel
Freeman, Ruth
Grant, Helen
Grant, Wilmer
Hardy, Ennice
Hardy, Lossie Belle
Hopkins, Pearl
Holloman, Ruth
Holloman, Lucille
Humbert, Ruth
Humphrey, Jennie
Lassiter, Edna
Lewis, Ruth
Mitchell, Lottie
McDaniel, Annie Lee
Morehead, Page
Nesbit, Margaret
Parker, Emma Riddick
Parker, Nancy
Piland, Josie
Rountrye, Gladys
Skinner, Mary Louise
Spruill, Mary
Snipes, Bettie May
Shearin, Alma
Sandlin, Bessie
Turnley, Elizabeth
Taylor, Margaret
Tadlock, Elizabeth
Ward, Janie

OFFICERS

Ruth Freeman	President
Pearl Hopkins	Vice-President
Josie Piland	Secretary
Emma R. Parker	Treasurer

ALATHENIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

LITERARY

Dawn

Genevieve Taylor, '23

When with the dawn the soaring lark starts singing,
And all the world of nature stirs from sleep,
And when the sun arises, her message bringing,
And sweet contentment o'er our hearts doth sweep,
And when the banished and shadowy elves of night
Seek distant refuge from its shining rays,
Then the glorious morning bursts upon our sight
Declaring to us the beauty of Spring's sweet days.
Then little buds from dewy beds arise,
And lift their pretty nodding heads aloft,
As fades the morning star in the ethereal skies,
And the winds o'er land and sea sweet perfumes doth waft.
Then comes to us the truth of God's great love,
Which mortal hearts to gratitude doth move.

Sunset

Emma Riddick Parker, '23

A glorious hue o'er spreads the changing sky,
And jasper, sapphire, amethyst, and jade,
Fling out their banners brilliantly on high;
And when the matchless colors slowly fade,
'Tis then the sun sets o'er the shadowed hill,
'Tis then Aurora closes the gates of day,
Twilight comes and all the land is still
And through the trees we see the sun's last ray;
The gloom that stands as porter at the gate
Forbids one single fleecy cloud remain,
The evening star climbs to his place to wait,
And silence o'er all the land doth reign.
And while we sit and watch it softly fade
Come visions of other days with beauty laid.

The Lady Principal as Principal Lady

Theodolinda Euzelia Early, '21

"Now girls," began Miss Wooten in a matter-of-fact manner, "let's have a *concise* and *decisive* talk about this Fair business."

At the first tap of the big college bell all the girls had assembled in the chapel anticipating good news from the result of a petition signed by all of them, and passed in the preceding night. The plea was for just one night to go to the County Fair. Of course they expected to be allowed to go at least one day. But what is a whole day of plain daylight—fair with its tables of needlework and canned goods, its array of pure-bred horses and full-blooded Plymouth Rocks, in comparison to one romantic and ecstatic hour at night? Under the glamour of the twinkling lights the merry-go-round, the slur and jerk of the Whip, and the up-and-around of the Ferris Wheel, while the band plays, "Whisper and tell me that you love me," produce a thrill unknown to the young heart by day.

"Yes," continued Miss Wooten, "the Faculty has carefully considered the pros and cons of your petition, and I want to explain to you why we cannot grant it."

There was almost a jar of relaxation throughout the room as the girls faces fell.

"We consider it not advisable for Chowan College to be represented at the usual night performance of a Fair Carnival. I think that when you meditate upon the matter, you will see why we forbid your going, and that the reasons are real ones." Heartless and triumphant the words fell.

Of all the crest-fallen expressions, surely the most forlorn was that of Nellie Wooten, the younger sister of the lady principal. With the exception of their present contrasted expressions, the face and figure of one sister was an almost exact counterpart of that of the other. Miss Wooten's superiority of eight years did not make her black hair one whit less glossy than that of eighteen-year-old Nellie, nor did it lessen the brilliancy of her dark eyes. In fact, the younger rather than the older Miss Wooten, bore the school-teacher's tag—tortoise-rimmed spectacles.

As they filed out of Chapel with funeral step, Nellie whispered petulantly to her elbow neighbor:

"John Brown it! Now I've got to call Joe and change all our plans. I know sister is at the bottom of it all, for she has said all the time that she did not want me to go."

She went directly to the telephone office and called her beau-of-the-moment, Joe Banks.

"Is that Joe?—This is Nellie. I'm so mad, I don't know what to do. We can't go to the Fair next week, except one old afternoon like we did last year. Sister —— What? Do you mean it? Is anyone listening at you? ———— I've a good mind to risk it ————. Oh, won't it be jolly! ———— Yes, I'd much rather go Thursday night, so we can see the fireworks.————All right, I'll be out there and while you deliver a package or whatever you do, I'll be stowing myself away in the car to escape curious eyes.———— Well, depend on me and remember that "mum" is the word. ———— Goodbye."

Tuesday afternoon while Joe and his father were chatting with a loitering customer in their store, the telephone bell tinkled. Mr. Banks being nearer, answered its call. After a brief conversation he turned and spoke in jesting tone to his son.

"Got ahead of you once, Old Boy. I think I save time for the College when I, instead of you, talk to your girl. Miss Nellie wants a pound of chocolate almonds, a box of crackers and a bottle of pickles. You'd better fix them up and deliver them now. You know girls don't like to wait."

And fix them up he did. In addition to the required articles, however, Joe inclosed in the package one of his cards bearing this message in pencil:

"I've learned that we will have to go Wednesday night instead of Thursday. Meet me at the parking place as before planned."

Finding no one in the college hall, he wrote the one name, Wooten, on the bundle and left it in a chair for the owner to find.

Happily for the conspirators, sunny Wednesday ushered in a clear moonless night. As the honk! honk! of Joe's Ford broke the solitude of the College campus, a silent figure glided swiftly from the shadow of an evergreen shrub near the fountain. In passing Joe, as he strode brazenly toward the front door with a parcel for delivery, the figure paused.

"It's all right, hurry back," it whispered.

As the sneaking much-becloaked girl approached the car, muffled voices accosted her from the back seat.

"Is that you Nell? Of course you youngsters had to be chaperoned, so William and I are going, too!"

"Oh!" she exclaimed in a low but relieved tone, as she took her place on the front seat. "It's William and Fanny, isn't it? I was so frightened because, when you first spoke, I thought that some of the girls up here had found out and were kidding me."

Within a few minutes, Joe was at the wheel, and they were speeding out of Murfreesboro. Scarcely a word was spoken until they were out of town and were gliding along the highway to Winton. Then Joe volunteered a remark as he glanced admiringly at the face peering at him from under the softly drooping hat of his companion.

"Nell, you're stunning in that hat. It goes so well with your coat. Do you remember the first time you wore it, yes when we went to the association to hear the death knell of Old Chowan when the trustees were so bent on moving it?"

"Well, I *reckon*," was the High School reply of the college Freshman.

"I wish you had left off those goggles though. You look too much like a school marm with spectacles Nell."

"I know it, but if I had ridden in this wind without them my red eyes would have betrayed me tomorrow."

They had gone only about seven of the twelve miles to the Fair Grounds, when an enlightening discussion of elder sisters, by Joe, was curtailed by a sudden choking and sputtering of the car. After a few spasmodic jerks and shivers, young Henry refused to render further service to the run-a-ways. With disgusted movements the two boys got out and made a thorough examination of the engine. They tightened a few screws and endeavored to crank up again. The crank, however, would not crank. Cars began to roll by, some leisurely, some rapidly; but all seemed bent upon their own errand—going to the Fair. The boys worked heroicly, seeking some clue to the strange non-procedure of the Ford, while the girls giggled up their sleeves when the laborers gave vent to their exasperated feelings. About nine o'clock, William made the marvelous discovery that the gas supply was entirely exhausted.

"Well, well, what a fool I am!" ejaculated Joe, as the significance of the discovery dawned upon him. "I drove the car out with the intention of filling the tank when something else called my attention. When I went back to the car, I drove off supposing that I had got the gasoline.

"I guess we are in for it now," said Fannie, resignedly, "because I heard today that the 'phone line is down at two or three places between Murfreesboro and Winton. And as absorbed as every motorist seems in his own interests tonight, I suppose day-break will find us sitting here."

"Oh, for goodness sake, let's hope not!" exclaimed the other girl, horrified.

So there they stayed hour after hour—so it seemed. Joe produced a box of candy which he had brought for Nell. They ate and talked and then talked and ate. There was no light visible from any house. Finally the chill night air so penetrated their clothing, in spite of heavy wraps, that they promenaded up and down the road, endeavoring to keep warm.

Sometime after Joe found, by the aid of a match, that his watch registered ten-forty-five, the lights from the first car returning from Winton came into view. Surely, now, it would have time to inquire about the way-farers by his side of the road, but alas! it passed without so much as lessening speed for a moment. Pretty soon, however, another came so near running into the lightless Ford that it was forced to check its speed, and, consequently, it stopped to proffer aid.

"All we ask," said Joe, "is that you either give us enough gas, or tow us into Murfreesboro. We've been out here so long that the novelty of the situation has become stale."

Hitched to the other car, the Ford was soon pulled into a garage. There the two couples separated, Joe and his companion walking rapidly toward the college. When they reached the gate the girl paused under the big arc light.

"Joe, I've had a very pleasant and instructive evening. I guess I had better go the rest of the way alone." With that sudden remark, she discarded her glasses and hat and turned her face to the light. Before the astounded boy stood Miss Wooten, the lady principal.

"The things that Nell ordered from the store yesterday were for me. She has not seen your note. Goodnight."

Not until she was well out of the light did Miss Wooten stop running. Then looking backward she beheld Joe, standing hat-in-hand, with lower jaw drooped, gazing at the spot where she had been.

Marvelous to say, the episode never leaked out. Nor did Nell go to the Fair, for Joe having a dreadful cold, was confined to his room for the remainder of the week.

COLLEGE
CLUB

CARPE DIEM CLUB OFFICERS

GLADYS ROUNTRYE
PRESIDENT.

ELIZABETH TURNLEY
VICE PRESIDENT.

DORIS CHITTY
SECRETARY.

BERNICE MATHEWS.
TREASURER.

MARSHALS

Piano Club

Miss Sarah H. White, Director

Mary Kinsey
Audrey Newsome
Genevieve Taylor
Nancy Parker
Bessie Jordan
Annie Lee McDaniel
Sue Lawrence
Edna Lassiter
Mary Louise Skinner
Margaret Taylor
Nora Anderson
Wilma Grant
Ruth Holloman
Naomi Aydlette
Eunice Hardy
Olivia Bridgers
Eva Perry
Mary Babb
Doris Chitty
Lillian Alford
Ruth Lewis
Gladys Bateman
Lucille Holloman
Gwendolyn Martin
Lottie Mitchell
Ruby Corey
Nettie Evans
Eva Gary
Mrs. Humphrey
Frances Lawrence
Christie Whitley
Winnie Whitley
Nona Whitley
Alma Shearin
Foyd Bridgers
Letha Carter
Mary Spruill

Chorus Club

ROLL

Lillian Alford
Naomi Aydlette
Bernice Barett
Letha Carter
Ruby Corey
Doris Chitty
Theo Early
Nettie Evans
Eva Gary
Helen Grant
Helen Hedgepeth
Ruth Humbert
Jennie Humphrey
Gladys Jenkins
Bessie Jordan
Mary Kinsey
Ruth Lewis
Sue Lawrence
Gwendolyn Martin
Annie Lee McDaniel
Audrey Newcome
Mary Parker
Nancy Parker
Louise Parker
Vera Parker
Janie Parker
Mary Louise Skinner
Mary Spruill
Genevieve Taylor
Margaret Taylor
Elizabeth Turuley
Annette White

Miss White—Pianist
Miss Stephenson—Director

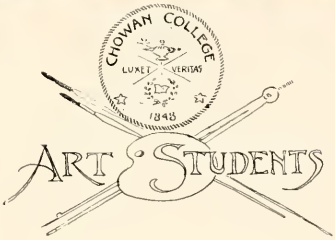
Dramatic Club

OFFICERS

Emma Riddick Parker - - - - - - - - - - President
Jewell Askew - - - - - - - - - - - - Vice-President
Elizabeth Turnley - - - - - - - - Secretary and Treasurer
Estelle Carlton - - - - - - - - - - - - - Critic

ROLL

Jewell Askew
Nora Anderson
Estelle Carlton
Helen Craig
Janet Hedgepeth
Annie Lee McDaniel
Bessie Sanderlin
Page Morehead
Margaret Nesbitt
Emma Riddick Parker
John Parker
Mary Louise Skinner
Elizabeth Turnley
Irma Vaughan



Lillian Alford

Vertie Covington

Ruby Corey

Pearl Hopkins

Helen Hedgepeth

Janet Hedgepeth

Frances Lawrence

Alma Shearin

Elizabeth Tadlock

Wortie Vaughan

Though this may seem a class in the actor's art
'Tis not to entertain that each takes part:
For Eva shows the pocket on her coat
And Ruby says, "Of sash effects take note";
Three in the class can high-priced milliners mock.
For Nora can make a hat as well as a frock.
While Elizabeth Tadlock, seated in front, and Page
Show not only gowns that are the rage
But organdie hats of two attractive types.
The overskirt's the hobby of Betty Mae Snipes.
You see Elizabeth Topping and Mary Louise
Can make the suits that every school girl please.
A pretty little housewife's dress of plaid
Has Bernice Matthews taken for a fad.
And so you see each winning skillful lass
Adds charm and talent to the SEWING CLASS.

Cooking Club

"We can live without poetry,
We can live without books,
But civilized men
Cannot live without cooks."

COOKS

Nora Anderson
Naomi Aydlette
Mary Louise Skinner
Elizabeth Topping

The Science Club

OFFICERS

Ethel Freeman - - - - - - - - - - - - President
Bernice Matthews - - - - - - - - - - - - Secretary
Pearl Hopkins - - - - - - - - - - - - Treasurer

MEMBERS

Jewel Askew
Lillian Alford
Susie Brett
Gladys Bateman
Olivia Bridgers
Helen Craig
Velma Chitty
Minnie Dunning
Theo Early
Josephine Futrell
Ethel Freeman
Ruth Freeman
Helen Grant
Eunice Hardy
Pearl Hopkins
Ruth Humbert
Lucille Holloman
Lottie Mitchell
Page Morehead
Bernice Matthews
Alice Morris
Josie Piland
Emma Riddick Parker
Eva Perry
May Pendergraph
Mary Parker
Gladys Rountrye
Mary Sprnill
Alma Shearin
Genevieve Taylor
Elizabeth Tadlock
Irma Vaughan
Sarah Vaughan

SENIOR CLUB

Virginia Club

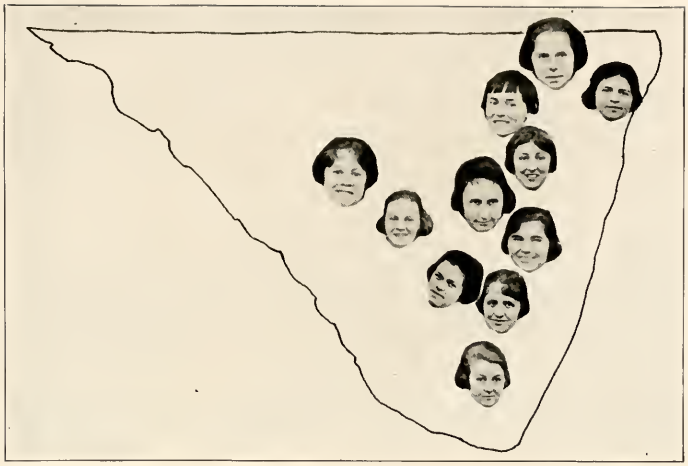
Meeting Place—As Near the Virginia Line As Possible.
Song—Carry Me Back to Ole Virginny. Colors—Blue and Gold

OFFICERS

Elizabeth Turnley - - - - - - - - - - President
Genevieve Taylor - - - - - - - - - - Vice-President
Ruth Holloman - - - - - - - - Secretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS

Ruth Holloman
Lucille Holloman
Ruth Lewis
Irma Vaughan
Sara Vaughan
Elizabeth Turnley
Genevieve Taylor



Northampton Club

Motto—To Get as Far North as Possible.

Flower—Aster. Colors—Purple and Gold.

OFFICERS

Mary Parker	President
Olivia Bridgers	Vice-President
Marie Griffin	Secretary and Treasurer
Foyd Bridgers	Reporter

ROLL

Foyd Bridgers
Olivia Bridgers
Minnie Dunning
Josephine Futrell
Marie Griffin
Helen Hedgepeth
Gwendolyn Martin
Mary Parker
Vera Parker
Louise Parker
Janie Revelle

Dell Club

Motto—Finish what you begin.

Colors—Black and Gold. Flower—Goldenrod.

OFFICERS AND MEMBERS

Theo Early - - - - - - - - - - - - - President
Mary Henry Lewis - - - - - - - - - - - Vice-President
Estelle Carlton - - - - - - - - - - - - - Secretary

Come ye sons and lovely daughters
To the shrine and tell
What a joy and peace it gives
To be a child of Dell.

Down Town Club

Motto—Pull together.

Colors—Green and White. Flower—Arbutus.

MEMBERS

Mary Babb
Bernice Barrett
Meryl Britton
Ruth Benthall
Cloyce Futrell
Eva Gary
Sue Lawrence
Frances Lawrence
Theo Early

Pillars of Chowan

Motto—"Work, don't shirk."

Meeting Place—Where duty calls.

Mary Parker
Mary Kinsey
Ethel Freeman
Ruth Freeman
Theo Early
Nancy Parker
Emma Riddick Parker
Genevieve Taylor
Gladys Rountrye
Josie Piland
Pearl Hopkins
Josie Futrell

400

The Upper Four Hundred

Motto: "We don't give a flip."

Pass Word: "A. W. T."

Chief Occupation—Building air castles.

Chief Saying—Let 'er rip.

Meeting Place—On top.

Time—Midnight.

"US"

"Tad"—Chatterer
"Ike"—Joker
"D. P."—Primper
"Al"—Exaggerater
"Lil"—Loafer
"Hel"—Eater
"Rub"—Sasser
"Net"—Flirter

The Concert Touring Club

Helen Craig—Reader
Ruby Corey—Soloist
Nettie Evans—Pianist
David Day—"Genl. Manager"

Jolly Jigger's Jostling Jazz Band

Johnny Mitchell, General Manager

Aim—To compete successfully with the "Topsy-Turvy Concert Party."

Faculty Advice—Learn to Band without the Jazz.

Our Consolation:
If not always we can make Mu-sic
Always at least we can make U-sic (k)!

There are no set rules about our membership, friends—
The first one to start a fuss is where the band begins;
The last one to hush is where the music ends—
Behold our success in attracting photographers, friends.

Slim Club

Colors—Sky blue pink. Aim—To get fat

Motto—Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we may die.

Meeting Place—Anywhere.

Meeting Time—Anytime we can get anything to eat.

Mary Henry Lewis - - - - - - - - - - - President
Ruth Holloman - - - - - - - - - - - Vice-President
Nora Anderson - - - - - - - - - - Secretary and Treasurer

Mary Henry Lewis, "Shoat"
Vera Parker, "Joy"
Mary Louise Skinner, "Skinny"
Helen Hedgepeth, "Noisy"
Gladys Bateman, "Shorty"
Ruth Holloman, "Slim"
Nora Anderson, "Stumpy"

Crushing Club

Motto—Lov' me.

Flower—Tulip. Song—Love Nest.

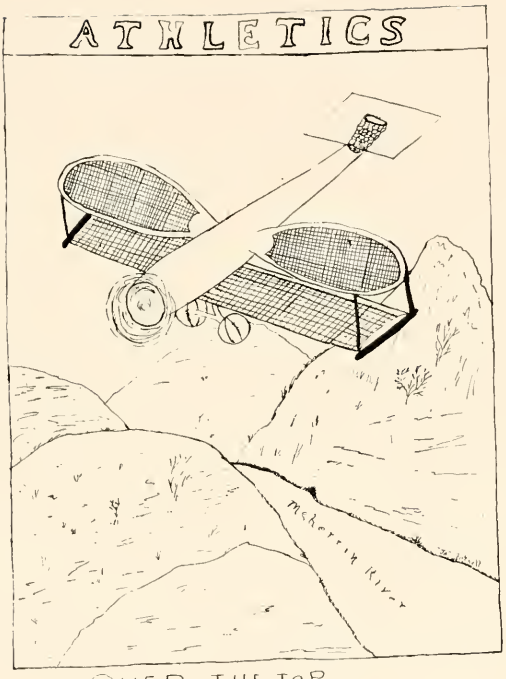
Time and Place of Meeting—Anytime and anywhere.

Aim—To take "Her" and let the rest of the world go by.

MEMBERS

"Heart Breaker" Tadlock
"Kewpie" Piland
"Shack" Anderson
"Sweetie" Taylor
"Cutie" Lewis
"Baby Doll" Lassiter
"Brownie" Taylor
"Crushy" Morehead

THE LABYRINTH



OVER THE TOP

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION
OFFICERS
JOSEPHENE FUTRELL
PRESIDENT
GENEIEVE TAYLOR
VICE PRESIDENT
JOSIE PILAND
SECRETARY.
ALMA SHEARIN
TREASURER.

College Basketball Team

Josephine Futrell	Captain
Josie Piland	Manager
Josephine Futrell	Forward
Genevieve Taylor	Forward
Mary Parker	Guard
Bernice Matthews	Guard
Elizabeth Turnley	Center
Helen Craig	Center
Annie Lee McDaniel	Substitute
Bessie Jordan	Substitute

Sophomore Basketball Team

Josephine Futrell - - - - - - - - - - - - Captain

Genevieve Taylor - - - - - - - - - - - - Forward

Josephine Futrell - - - - - - - - - - - - Forward

Alice Morris - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Guard

Lillian Alford - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Guard

Helen Craig - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Center

Elizabeth Turnley - - - - - - - - - - - - - Center

Elizabeth Tadlock - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Center

Freshman Basketball Team

Bessie Jordan	Captain
Bessie Jordan	Forward
Annie Lee McDaniel	Forward
Elizabeth Brumsey	Guard
Minnie Dunning	Guard
Estelle Carlton	Center
Ruth Humbert	Center

YELL

Seniors, no
Juniors, no-o
Sophomores, no-o-o
Freshman, "I'll say so!"

Prep Basketball Team

Nora Anderson	Captain
Ruth Holloman	Manager
Ruth Holloman	Forward
Naomi Aydlette	Forward
Margaret Taylor	Guard
Maye Pendergraph	Guard
Mary Louise Skinner	Center
Nora Anderson	Center

YELL

When you're up, you're up,
When you're down, you're down,
When you're up against the Preps
They'll put you upside down.

Major-General - - - - - - - - - - - Sue Brett
Adjutant - - - - - - - - - - - Josephine Futrell
Quarter Master - - - - - - - - - - - Alma Shearin

COMPANIES

A B C D

CAPTAINS

Ruby Corey Gladys Rountrye Helen Craig Bernice Matthews

SERGEANTS

Alice Morris Genevieve Taylor Vara Parker Helen Hedgepeth

PRIVATES

Nettie Evans
Ruth Lewis
Dare Vinson
Eva Perry
Lillian Alford
Pearl Hopkins
Marie Griffin
Mary Spruill
Lossie B. Hardy
Letha Carter
Bessie Jordan
Nora Anderson
Lizzie B. Tadlock
Ruth Freeman
Elizabeth Turnley
Josie Piland
Mary Kinsey
Irma Vaughan
Lucile Holloman

Gwendolyn Martin
Mae Snipes
Gladys Bateman
Miss Stowers
Annie Lee McDaniel
Mary Parker
Edna Lassiter
Mary Whitley
Alta Chitty
Estelle Carlton
Jannie Ward
Hellen Grant
Ruth Humbert
Minnie Dunning
Lottie Mitchell
Foyd Bridgers
Sarah Vaughan
Louise Parker
Elizabeth Brumsey

Margaret Taylor
Nona Whitley
Page Morehead
Janet Hedgepeth
Dorris Chitty
Ethel Freeman
Elizabeth Topping
Olivia Bridgers
Wilma Grant
Eunice Hardy
Jewell Askew
Ruth Holloman
Audrey Newsome
Mary Henry Lewis
Christie Whitley
Winnie Whitley
Mary Louise Skinner
Naomi Aydlette

Volley Ball Team

Mary Whitley - - - - - - - - - - - - Captain

TEAM

Mary Whitley
Sarah Vaughan
Helen Hedgepeth
Letha Carter
Mary Spruill
Irma Vaughan

YELL

VOLLEY VICTORY BALL BUST

Tennis Club

Ruby Corey

Nettie Evans

Lillian Alford

Elizabeth Tadlock

Alice Morris

Josie Piland

Dare Vinson

Minnie Dunning

Nancy Parker

Emma Riddick Parker

"THEY REST FROM THEIR LABORS"

CATCHY

PROPOSITIONS

College Statistics

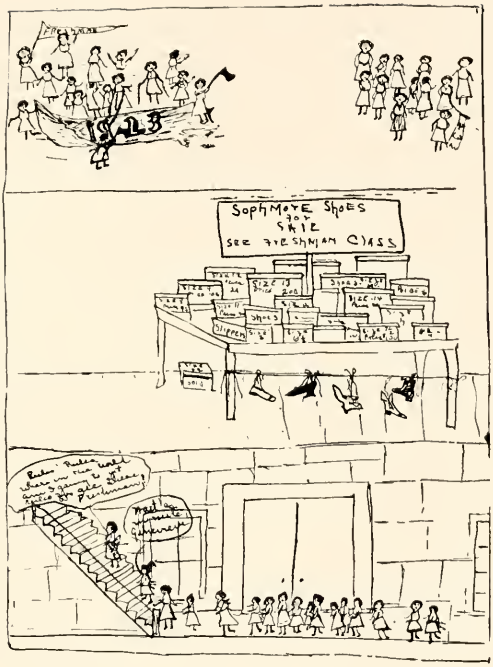
Prettiest	Sara Vaughan
Cutest	Page Morehead
Most Popular	Pearl Hopkins
Best-all-round	Mary Kinsey
Most original	Sue Brett
Wittiest	Sue Brett
Most lovable	Pearl Hopkins
Most conceited	Nettie Evans
Most accommodating	Lucille Holloman
Cheekiest	Mary Louise Skinner
Most athletic	Josephine Futrell
Most studious	Foyd Bridgers
Best pianist	Mary Kinsey
Best singer	Bessie Jordan
Best actress	Doris Chitty
Saueiest	Ruby Corey
Jolliest	Ruth Holloman
Laziest	Louise Parker
Biggest nut	Doris Chitty
Biggest flirt	Alice Morris
Most capable	Sue Brett
Most conscientious	Janie Revel
Most fickle	Annie Lee McDaniel
Most attractive	Lillian Alford
Drollest	Mary Spruill
Most stylish	Ruby Corey

Some Things You Will Never See

Water on the fourth floor.
Something to eat in the dining room.
An even number on the tank.
Mr. Pendergraph attending to his own business.
Lil Alford with long black hair.
Sue without Elizabeth.
Miss Bond without that brown dress.
Mrs. Vann at breakfast.
Cars driving in front of the College in the good old way.
Miss Booth in a hurry.
Miss Minnie with nothing to do.
Miss Margaret White without waves in her hair.

Some Things You Will Never Know

How the lock was broken on the College gate one Sunday afternoon.
Why the "Upper 400" went to Lawrence's Spring that same Sunday.
Where the animals live that steal the College chickens.
How good coca-cola is at midnight on top.
Miss King's middle name.
Why Topsy committed suicide.


SOPHMORE SHOES
SALE
SEE FRESHMAN CLASS

Teacher: Olivia, what degree are you working for?
Olivia: I'm working for an education.

Sue: I've got to go to a Volunteer Band meeting after supper.
Tadpole: How in the world did you get in the Volunteer Band, Sue? You can't even carry a tune.

Miss King: My it's cold. I bet I wake up dead.
Miss Bond: Maybe it will be warmer there.

Frances: Eva, what pleasure do you get out of life when you have to study so hard all the time?
Eva (digging over her music analysis): I'm not living now, Francis, I'm just getting ready to live.

Science Prof: What causes a chill?
Irma Vaughan: When you go from a warm room into the cold your clothes evaporate (meaning the wind blowing through the clothes evaporates the moisture.)

Freshman: I'm going to give Horace's quotation on Dramatic class this afternoon, 'nothing is too hard for man.'
Soph: Horace didn't write that, did he?
Fresh: Of course! Mr. Cooper said so.
Soph: Oh, I thought Horace was just the name of the book like Virgil and someone else wrote it.

Science Prof: Discuss the blood of a caterpillar.
"Joe" Futrell: It is in lumps (meaning it was mixed with lymph.)

Edna Lassiter (at breakfast): I would open this biscuit if I knew the combination.

Margaret Taylor (much enthused over the arrival of the Photographer): How many pictures can I have made from one "setting"?

Ethel Freeman (arranging business matters with the Photographer): If anybody wanted to use the same cut in the annual more than once, would they have to have more than one electric plate?

Eva Gary (at Senior meeting): Wait girls, we've got to save some cute things for the final Sat-night reception we give the teachers.

Miss McDowell (scanning a Latin verse on Horace class): "Josie, what is a foot?"
Josie Futrell: Why twelve inches, of course.

Meryll Britton (on English class): If Shakespeare had died when he was small we wouldn't have to study Tennyson's old "Idls of the King."

Prof. Cooper: What is vapor?
Ruth Holloman: Something that r'ses from water.
Prof. Cooper: Well, the other day I saw a duck rise from water. Was that vapor, Ruth?

Young man at Thanksgiving reception: It is a mistake for a man to go through life alone.
Pearl Hopkins (seriously): Why don't you get your mama to chaperone you?

Miss Margaret White: None but fools will say they are certain.
Miss King: Are you perfectly sure of that?
Miss Margaret White: Yep, I'm certain—as certain as anything, old scout.

Page Morehead: What is a chafing dish?
Ruth Holloman: Chafing dish, Page, is a frying pan got in society.

Bernice: I shall love to share all your grief and troubles.
Dan: But darling, I have none.
Bernice: No, I mean when we are married.

Genevieve Taylor: When I sing I get tears in my eyes. What can I do for it?
Mary P.: Stuff cotton in your ears.

Mrs. Vann (in psychology class): But how would you classify these mental gifts?
Sue: Call them PRESENTS of the mind.

Gladys R.: Fix your shoe the tongue has slipped.
Emma Riddick: Never mind 'tis just a lapsus-lingual.

Freshman: I know something.
Senior: Never fear you will forget it before you reach my age.

"Fattie": When you speak of a collection, you say PORTUGESE, but if you want to speak of one, do you say PORTUGOOSE?

Emma Riddick: Here's some dresses in this catalogue we want. I guess they'll fit. They are Junior dresses.
Nancy: No, I want a Soph. dress now.

Annie Lee McDaniel (in Freshman English): She was Standing on a street corner in New York City, hair hanging down her back, which showed her meager surroundings.

Mrs. Vann: What do you think of our scheme for the Christmas decorations—holly over laurel leaves?
Mr. Vann: Very good, but twenty-five years ago I would have preferred MISTLETOE over YEW.

Miss Stephenson (just before Eva's recital): Is there anything else I can do for you?
Eva: Yes, lend me your diaphragm.

Extracts from a Junior Diary

Jan. 1—"You cannot interfere with personal property."—G. Taylor.
Notice Seniors—Gold and White are the Juniors' colors.

Feb. 19—Raining today. Mr. Cooper took down the Freshman colors out of the rain.
If the Seniors hadn't had to get someone from down town to help them, maybe they would have been in time to steal the colors.

Mar. 14—Visitors to Mr. Cooper's room found to their dismay that he was not out.
It takes more than the chaperonage of the lady principal to insure the propriety of that visit.

May 18—To date, Senior banner does not float over tank—"Where, oh where is the Senior banner that was to wave over the tank?"

Mar. 18—It took three Sophomores and "HER" without whom Sophomores could do nothing to souse one little Freshman under the spigot.

When Bernice Mathews entertains she invariably reports a "Dan" dy time.

Professor Cooper is contemplating spending the summer in Scotland Neck to specialize in the study of "TADPOLES."

Ruby Corey is striving to make her will willer and her willer Willis.

Lillian Alford pays strict attention to sermons taken from the book of Amos.

Josie Piland feels it her conscientious duty to assist Prof. Cooper in making nets for further use in catching Tadpoles.

Doris Chitty wants to Rob a King.

Soph: Where is Nettie Evans?

Freshman: O, you might know she is sneaking around somewhere she's got no business, seeing what she can find out.

WANTED—A master key to unlock the trunks of the Juniors, Freshmen and their advisors.—Seniors.

Pep For Sale—Since our advisor said we "must get more pep" we have, after much hard work, gained a surplus supply.—Freshman Class.

Painting Signs a Specialty—Bring your paint as we have exhausted our supply.—Sophs.

Wanted to Know

Why Miss Freeman always wants Day at Night.

Why Johnnie Sewell has improved so in his English.

Why it takes such heavy teachers to hold down the business department.

Why Josie Piland never grows tired of "Snipe" hunting.

Why Lil wants to be a "Free-Man."

Why Starkey Jernigan always stands two bonds at one time.

Why Miss McDowell couldn't sleep the first night she came back to Chowan.

How Mr. Britton expects to make much progress when he cut the Bachelor Button and Miss King the thimble, or, How Mr. Britton expects to capture a King.

How Miss Margaret White and Mr. Cooper came to the agreement that "true love sometimes dies."

How Helen always gets a pull with the Faculty.

Where the Freshman colors went when they ran down the tank.

Where Mr. Vann took his detective course.

If the conceit of the "Pillars of the College" were placed upon the scales, would that of the "Upper 400" balance it?

What's the Harm

In Josie Piland doing all her studying in the Reading Room.
In Pearl Hopkins dealing altogether with Crestwells Peoples Bank.
In rivalry among class-mates when you are WHITE about it.

THE END

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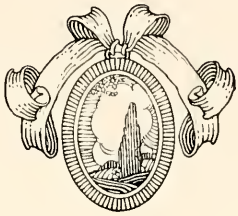

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